

A MARK
OF
QUALITY

Lambda

IS STILL
A
MARK

VOL. VIII, NO. 111

LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY, SUDBURY, ONTARIO.

SEPT. XXIV, MCMLXIX

KU KLUX KLANGAROOS KASTIGATED?

In past years, Laurentian students have been rightly proud of one important aspect of their university life, quite apart from their ability to breathe the Sudbury air so thoughtfully donated by Inco. This aspect so dear to the hearts and conscience of Laurentian students is the totally unbiased reporting of important events by Lambda. That this spirit of honesty and good old Canadian fair-play will be continued by the new management of the paper was dramatically shown in the last issue which contained three sheets in English and three sheets in French, a format which would soothe the fears of the most ardent English-Canadian zealot. So, with the thought in mind of fairly presenting both sides of the story, Lambda asked me to interview witnesses to the rather regrettable occurrences which accompanied the abortive Kangaroo Court held in the lower cafeteria Friday evening. It was this reporter's good fortune to come across two individuals—Stanley Trueblood, and a chap calling himself Groovy Weasels—who of whose stories I have little reason to doubt as neither of them were present, but received accounts of the incident from enlightened friends. So, in the words of that dean of university registrars, Melvin Cook, you pay your money, and you take your choice, bearing in mind, of course, the requirements of your university administration.

Stanley's account—
"It was simply frightful! As Bubba told it to me our boys were ready to conduct the proceedings in a quiet and orderly way, having on hand a goodly supply of tomatoes and eggs, as Versa foods had clo-



PHOTO COURTESY OF STANLEY TRUEBLOOD

sed for the day) when this dreadful group of rabble came and actually sat down with the Frosh. Well, one could see at a glance that this long haired element had been drinking copiously, and Bubba tells me, (although he couldn't be absolutely sure, you know) that he thought that they might even have been under the influence of some ghastly psychedelic drug! Well, of course, I don't believe a word of it, as I know that none of our Laurentian boys would even think of tampering with their mental faculties in such a terrible manner. But I have seen some rather dazed looking characters coming out to the university in the city bus, and, well, you know that it

only takes one rotten apple.

Anyway, when those hippies sat down, they immediately began to sing what was, I'm sure, some dreadfully obscene song, with veiled references to sex. Naturally, none of our boys, who were out for some good, clean fun, would put up with that for a moment, and they politely asked the intruders to leave. I could scarcely credit it when Bubba told me they refused. In the past, the Laurentian administration has been justly proud of the unquestioned obedience which, to my way of thinking, Kangaroo Court gave us long way to instill in the Frosh. Anyway, what followed was what always happens

when proper authority is questioned, I'm afraid, and the events are simply too frightful to relate. I'm sure you will have an idea of what it was like when I tell you that one of our boys was pleading with the scuffers to please go to their homes when a n aggressive young lady thrust her chin into his hand and attempted to dislocate her jaw. Naturally, it was a frightful entanglement to him, and I can't imagine what I would have done in a similar situation. But, he looked at her coolly and said, "Please madam, remove your jaw from my hand, we haven't even been introduced, and it isn't proper." Well, that put her in her place, I tell you!

I'm glad to say that the objectionable material left over after this properly chastised for having made fools of themselves, I expect, and our student president, Mr. Peter Forman gave a short speech, which unfortunately didn't heat from under, but which I'm sure was simply splendid!

Now's narrative—
(To Stanley, who immediately got the table for a political science class. "Klax man. Hey! it's the same baby. A group of its nature lovers has got together and tonight the politics of repression, for instance possible ways, and means of raising the library building, and planning a tea flower, etc. Well, we were holding our first meeting on the floor of the cafeteria, and occasionally a Frosh, subtle-like, you know, when about fifty or so of these drunka, first pins came coming at us with rubber balls. Many you know we got rights like anyone else, but we played it cool, see? We let 'em kick us and drag us, and observe these modest our persons for about fifteen minutes, 'cause you know, we figured that if this was their thing, why hassle them? Then at the expiration of this time, we just up and left. What a ROOVE! Man, them baffled mother! And stood there. They couldn't dig our scene, but it was beautiful. I guess man, a few times into our love's vibrations, 'cause they cancelled whatever the Frosh were there for, and blew a little music. Man, you know, music really does it to me, but that lower cafeteria scene is a bummer. So, maybe, man, has got to do something about all that sweat, you know?"

—Steve Alexander

C.N.I.B. DRIVE SUCCESSFUL

On Wednesday, September 17, the Frosh of Laurentian collected \$2163.31 for the annual C.N.I.B. Drive. The separate totals from the various Schools and colleges of Laurentian were as follows:

Professional Schools	\$722.15
University of Sudbury	\$22.76
University College	\$12.12
Thorneloe	\$263.08
Huntington	\$243.08

High Salesman was Ken Hall of Thorneloe College who Solicited \$92.00 in donations. The total attendance of Frosh was approximately 200.

In charge of the drive were Jim Ross, General Chairman and Wally Kennedy, Field Instructor in Northern Ontario. Laurentian was represented by Prof David Hildrup (Dean of Thorneloe) member of Sudbury and District Advisory Board of C.N.I.B.

The drive started as many Laurentian activities do in banquets. By 7:00 p.m. there was a grand total of 78 Frosh, then began a separate drive to collect the collectors, from the colleges where they were hiding, the great hall, the Caruso Club and other varied areas where they had succeeded in getting stranded.

The Frosh. In the opinion of J. Ross,

did a very good job, although the drive affected the final total. A comment made by many of the individuals that striking miners gave more proportionally than did many of those who were not directly affected by INCO.

CHEM KLUB PISSED OFF

The Chem Klub has undertaken to run the Book Exchange. So far approximately 1000 books have been processed and over 500 have been sold which indicates that the services of the Book Exchange are being readily used. This service is run by the students for the students with approximately a 10% profit going to the Chem Klub. They plan to keep this operating as long as the response continues. However some students have undertaken to relieve them of books without paying for them. As a result they stand to go in the red and, if loss of books continues at the present rate, they will be forced to close up shop immediately. But with your co-operation they can continue to help save you money.

Culture... Us?

As a result of the success of the Great Hall Concerts at Laurentian University, the National Concert Bureau and the Concert Bureau of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, are interested in the possible establishment of a special circuit giving concerts to communities in Northern Ontario. By correlating the concerts with the Laurentian University series, these agencies could supply varied musical events of high calibre at a reduced expense.

For its contribution to national cultural development through the presentation of Canadian musicians during the past five years, Laurentian University has been cited to the Canada Council by the Director of the National Concert Bureau.

All concerts at Laurentian University are held on Sundays, at 8:00 p.m., in the Great Hall. Admission to these concerts is free. The Department of Cultural Affairs announces the following concerts for the coming season (1969-70): October 5, the Orford String Quartet; November 2, Rozolana Hoslak, soprano; February 1, Lorané Foyves, violinist, and Pierre Souvaran, pianist; March 1, Claude Savard, pianist; April 5, Denis Brett, violoncellist.

P.A.C. PROPOSES STUDENT'S ON BOARD.

There were two main items to be resolved on the agenda of the September 10 meeting of the Presidential Advisory Committee.

The first was the number and proportion of faculty and students to be added to the B.O.G. (Board of Governors) as non-voting participants.

It was unanimously resolved that a recommendation from the committee to the B.O.G. be made through President Mullins to add as an interim measure, seven faculty and students as non-voting participants to the board, two chosen by senate, two chosen by Faculty Association, two chosen by S.C.A., and one chosen by extension S.G.A.

The second item on the agenda, was a resolution to include faculty and students on the Finance Committee of the B.O.G.

On a resolution passed with one abstention, a recommendation from the committee to the executive of B.O.G. be made through President Mullins, that two faculty and two students with full voting rights be added to the Finance Committee of the B.O.G., two faculty members are to be chosen.

ENROLLMENT FIGURES ANNOUNCED

According to Assistant Registrar Mithes, total enrollment at Laurentian presently stands at 1728, a 12.5% increase over 1968. There were 233 males for every girl and 4.4 English students for every French student.

The figures break down as follows:
Arts: 1005 University: 387
Science: 244 U of Sudbury: 600
Commerce: 115 1st Year: 677
Nursing: 34 2nd Year: 508
Social Work: 64 3rd Year: 399
Translators: 29 4th Year: 121
Phys. Ed.: 129 Male: 1167
Engineering: 17 Female: 508
Huntington: 25 English: 1370
Thorneloe: 130 French: 224

LA MONTEE



A unique experience! A week-end filled with the joy of youth and love for life! A chance to make new friends and to renew old friendships. A chance to compare our ways with the ways of others.

La Montee

We loaded up the buses 2
And headed for Ottawa U.
Down highway 17 we did roam
Stayed there Friday night
In a hall without light
And to sleep on the floor makes you
wish that you were back home.

CHORUS:
So, rev up the engine Joe,
Laurentian is on the go.
Up a mountain side
'Cross a valley wide
We're tired but happy, and we don't
want to go home.

Au revoir to Pierre Trudeau
Again we are on the go
Into la belle province we shall roam
Down past Montreal
Can't stop for a call
Must pick up our dinner
Then on into Sherbrooke for all.

CHORUS
Mt. Orford we have to climb
I hope that we have the time
For thousands of students must make
it up to the top
We'll run and we'll walk
We'll sing and we'll talk
Our shoes are worn thin and now we
want to go home.
CHORUS

The chalet is warm inside
We sit by the fireside
Come gather around us and make
yourself at home
Pick up the guitars, boys.
Let's make a lot of noise
'Cause we're from Laurentian and
far away from our home.

The song sums up the events of
the week-end.
What is difficult to describe is the
personal feeling of each person who
made "THE LONG TREK". How
can one describe the spirit, the en-
thusiasm, the fellowship shared by
all regardless of religion, race or
language? A week-end of smiling,
laughing faces so that no strangers
were present---only friends.

The following song, written en
route, covers the highlights of our
trip and expresses the feelings of
the 80 L.U. students who travelled
to "La Montee". It is sung to the
tune of "Holst up the John B sal".

CHORUS
Only when off the bus
Is it quiet enough to discuss
The theme that we have this year is
extremely worldwide
Man in society or university
But the problems here as you know
have started at home.

CHORUS
The girls slept in the chalet
The boys fifteen miles away
During the night I wonder if some of
them roamed
It's a long long way
But I'm sure it will pay
'Cause they'll be practised up for
the long walk later to-day.

CHORUS
In Austin we pick up our pack
To walk to St. Benoit du Lac
Six miles away we'll meet the dis-
ciples of Rome
A mass they will say
3,000 will pray
And the monks will be anxious to
see us all go back home.

CHORUS
Then into the monastery,
We thought we were going for tea
Instead all their various talents for
cooking were shown
Pour boire le bon vin, du fromage
et du pain,
This French style of eating, we never
got it back home.

CHORUS
The end...

Imagine the pride of Laurentian
students when groups from Ottawa,
Moncton, Bathurst, McGill, Mont-
real, Laval and Quebec greeted us
on sight throughout the week-end
with the chorus of our "La Montee"
song.

Our number may have been small
but our spirit was large!

Sue Pichette

NEW COMMUNICATION... SOON ?

Presently, communications facili-
ties at Laurentian are very inade-
quate and, as a result, many of the
students are poorly informed in re-
gard to student activities. The S.
G.A. came up with a solution to this
problem.
We were informed by Vice-Presi-
dent Doug Los and Communications
Chairman Don Garrish that this so-
lution was presented in a brief by
the S.G.A. to the Building Commi-
tee. The brief points out the in-
adequacy of the present communica-
tion facilities. At present the S.G.
A. has 5 bulletin boards and a pu-
blic address system in the lower
cafeteria which serves only a small
portion of the students and which
is often not audible in all parts of
the cafeteria.

Their brief further points out
that the S.G.A. has developed a plan
whereby a public address system
which could be controlled from the
lower cafeteria or the Great Hall
could serve all three cafeteria or
any combination of them at one time.
The total cost of the commu-
nications project would be \$12,000
of which the S.G.A. would pay half.
The brief further stated that the de-
tails had been worked out with Mr.
Martin of Electric and Electronics
and that he had agreed that it was
both feasible and effective. This

system which would be later con-
nected to the new cafeteria in Scien-
ce 2 includes 2 tape decks, turn-
table, microphone, and can be con-
nected to radio and T. V. audio.

The brief was presented to the
meeting of the Building Committee
on August 27. However, due to o-
ther business, the Committee was not
able to deal with it. However, the
S.G.A. was told that they could go
ahead if they received President Mu-
llins approval. Doug Los and Don
Obonsawin then met with R.J. Har-
rison, Director of Physical Plant
and President Mullins informed
them that there was no money avail-
able in the present budget, but that
money for the purpose would be ob-
tained from the Department of Uni-
versity Affairs. As this would take
time, the President agreed to divert
money from other sources until the
necessary finances were obtained
from University Affairs. This was
an oral agreement made in the pre-
sence of Doug Los, Don Obonsawin
and Mr. Harrison. The S.G.A. has
asked for written information of this
agreement.

On Sept. 2, the S.G.A. received a
memorandum from Mr. Harrison in-
forming them that the President had
approved the proposal. However, it
advised them that no action would be
taken until approval was obtained

from the Board of Governors, De-
partment of University Affairs and
other users of the dining facilities.
The President's advisory Committee
representing students, faculty, and
the Board of Governors, had ap-
proved the use of the dining facilities
for this purpose last year. Presi-
dent Mullins had agreed with the
proposal, and agreed to divert money
from other sources so that the pro-
ject could be started immediately
as the money would be forthcoming
from the Department of University
Affairs. The memorandum stating
that the project cannot be initiated
until official approval is obtained
from the Department of University
Affairs, is a reversal of the Presi-
dent's earlier agreement, and an un-
necessary delay. If the project had
received approval when the brief
was first presented on August 27,
the system could have been opera-
ting on September 15, and would
have been of much value in infor-
ming students of Fresh Week ac-
tivities. With the increased enrol-
ment this year, the value of com-
munications cannot be over-stre-
ssed. The next step is to get the ori-
ginal brief discussed at
the meeting of the Building Com-
mittee this week. Any further un-
necessary delays are a disservice
to the students and to the Univer-
sity as a whole.

Regarding Film Change.

The film, "Blue Angels", set for
Sunday, Sept. 28th, has been chan-
ged in favour of a recent Japanese
film, "Rashomon".

CUPE BACKS STUDENTS IF ...

FRENCH SCHOOL ISSUE EXPLODES

MONTREAL (CUP)--The langua-
ges issue boiled over into violence
in the streets of St. Leonard Wed-
nesday night, as more than 1,000
demonstrators ignored police, tear
gas, night sticks, and the reading
of the Riot Act while marching to
demand unilingual instruction in
French in the suburb's schools.
And right-wing elements in the
march, aided by a surprisingly list-
less police force, left a swathe of
destruction in the district as they
attacked stores' windows and Ita-
lian-speaking residents in their
path.

The rampage followed a march
led by unilingualist Raymond Le-
mieux and his Ligue pour l'Instruc-
tion scolaire, who led demonstra-
tors to Jerome LeRoyer school des-
pite the refusal of the mayor of St.
Leonard to grant demonstrators a
permit.

Tension at St. Leonard has built
for more than a year previous to
the march as a large Anglophile
predominantly Italian minority in
the district opposed a local school
board decision to give school in-
struction only in French.

The crisis heightened when the
Quebec government, as a compro-
mise, offered to leave 50 minutes'
instruction per day in English; then
told anglophile residents they should
build a private school, 80 per cent
subsidized by the government.

Wednesday's march was report-
edly sparked by the disruption of an
LIS meeting last week, when a group
of Italian parents allegedly disrupted
the gathering.

Assembling at a shopping center,
the demonstrators easily avoided
police cordons along the march route
which only partially blocked their
access. Tear gas also had little ef-
fect on the marchers as they ad-
vanced toward the elementary school
which has provided a focus for
French language grievances for mo-
re than a year.

Both right- and left-wing groups
were represented in the march, in-
cluding the Chevaliers pour l'Inde-
pendance--"blackshirts"--a mili-
tant right-wing group, and the Front
de liberation populaire, an anti-ca-
pitalist independence group which
includes students among its mem-
bers.

As they approached the school,
bricks and stones were hurled at
predominantly Italian shops along
the march route, prompting Mayor
Leo Quetlet to read the Riot Act
for the first time in years. The
act gives police emergency powers to
arrest any group of more than
two people after it is read.

An eye-witness at the demon-
stration told CUP that left-wing mar-
shals along the route attempted to
keep order among the demonstra-
tors, but failed as right-wing se-
paratists broke ranks to assault
property and passers-by.

Members of the FLP, "disgusted"
at the outbreaks, confined their ac-
tivities to distributing leaflets calling
for Italian-French solidarity in fight-
ing corporate domination of Quebec
society.

Police allowed much of the vio-
lence and destruction to take place
without hindrance, confining them-
selves to protecting large stores in
the area while leaving predomina-
ntly-Italian small businesses to the
mercy of the demonstrators.

More than 100 persons were in-
jured in the march, and no estima-
te is yet available regarding pro-
perty damage. Approximately 30
arrests were made.

The demonstration was not bro-
ken up until the marchers had re-
ached their objective, the Jerome
Le Royer school.

LEMIEUX TO BE CHARGED

MONTREAL (CUP)--A total of 37
men and women were charged Thurs-
day in connection with the unilingu-
al demonstration Wednesday night
at St. Leonard, and Quebec Justice
minister Rémi Paul has declared
that "several charges will be laid
against leader Raymond Lemieux.

All but one of the persons arrai-
gned in Montreal police courts Thurs-
day were granted bail; several o-
ther persons were expected to be
arraigned today (Friday, September
12).

Most of the accused faced charges
of taking part in a riot, although so-
me were charged with possession
of offensive weapons mostly picket
sticks.

Meanwhile, Paul said his depart-
ment was studying police reports to
determine the exact nature of char-
ges to be brought against Lemieux.

Toronto (CUP)--The Canadian U-
nion of Public Employees Thursday
backed students who use "peaceful
means" in struggling for greater de-
mocracy on Canadian campuses.

Delegates at the CUPE biennial
convention here approved a resolu-
tion endorsing this policy after hear-
ing from Maggie Bizzell, delegate
from a CUPE local representing 17
employees of the University of To-
ronto's student council.

Bizzell warned the assembly that
unless union leaders get involved
with encouraging "responsible"
change at the university, students
would continue to get a prejudiced
view of unionism from university
officials.

The CUPE resolution followed a
speech Wednesday by Gerard Can-
court, vice-president of the Cana-
dian Labor Congress, who attacked
student radicals for trying to "ma-
nipulate unions on behalf of their
own revolutionary purpose," and de-
clared that Canadian workers "are
not going to be used by any group
for revolutionary aims."

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WHAT ABOUT FROSH WEEK ?



"Insignificant"

"I don't know why students coming to further education are forced to debase themselves."

Jacques Albert
3rd year honours Français



"I think it was really great. There's a sense of achievement with C.N.I.B."

Terry Switzer
1st year English



"In general it gives the frosh an opportunity to see their seniors in action. IT'S A GOOD HUSTLE TIME!"

Sandra Milanese
2nd year Social Work



"Well, I fail to see the point of initiation. I like the worthwhile things like conolobo and Cystic Fibrosis though."

Leslie Rinta
1st year Arts



"There's madness in the method"

Nancy Trotter
2nd year Math



"I wish there were more co-operation on the part of both Seniors and frosh. Overall they were alright to the frosh."

Allan Soini
1st year Arts



"This year the frosh lacked the spirit that they had last year. For example, many didn't wear their outfits."

R. Millette
3rd year honours Français



"I disagree with it because it's a humiliating experience. There are definitely cases of pure sadism on the part of the 2nd and 3rd year students."

Lynn Abraham
1st year Arts

PHOTO: WILSON



PHOTO: REINHARD



PHOTO: REINHARD

LOOK, LOOK! SEE THE HAPPY FACES. THE LOWLY FROSH ARE HAVING FUN.

The Editorial Page

Editorial...

COURTING KANGAROOS IS A RISKY BUSINESS

I will not attempt to give you 'the lowdown' on what happened last Friday night at what was supposed to be Kangaroo Court. You have all heard enough biased accounts of what went on, and have now chosen the one you want to believe anyway. Besides, anything I write is bound to be taken as prejudiced, since I was one of the 'dope-crashed hippie radicals' who disrupted the orderly progression of fun and frolic. I'll admit quite frankly that I did find myself becoming slightly opinionated when some enlightened social director tried to knee me in the balls. However, what I will do here is try to explain some of the reasons why we did whatever you believe we did.

The people who organized Frosh Week claim that their goals were justified. They wanted the frosh to meet their fellow students, make friends, have fun and find out what university life is all about. I heartily agree with these goals. Furthermore, I commend those responsible for the planning and organization for their success in holding some very enjoyable social events and constructive charity drives. These functions fulfilled their purposes; they did help new students to get acquainted, make friends, and have a good time doing it.

There are, however, a few things about Frosh Week that need to be re-examined and changed. How does hazing the frosh fit in with the goals expressed above? Is ridicule and degradation really the best way to help the frosh adjust to university life? Why should the frosh have to wear absurd uniforms? Why should they have to supply the seniors with cigarettes? Why should they have to act as slaves for a week? And why should they be punished at a Kangaroo Court for not going along with something they believe is wrong? These are the questions that I have been asking and as of yet I have not heard one reasonable answer.

Some people claim that the humiliation is necessary to take the hot-shots from high school and 'cut them down to size'. This is bullshit. Most frosh come into university feeling very unsure of themselves as they are entering a totally new environment. They don't need to be cut down, but rather they need to have their spirits boosted a bit. Those who do have a chip on their shoulders get even more turned-off when they run into seniors who seem to be on a bigger ego trip than they are. The best way to reach people is to approach them with a friendly handshake and accept them as equals.

Some claim that the hazing serves as a testing period whereby we can find out who's a "good head" and who's a "Joe Prick". "After all it doesn't really hurt you to swallow your pride for a week." This is also bullshit. If you can't decide on whether or not you like somebody without subjecting him to some kind of primitive manhood ritual then, chances are, you won't make too many friends in this world. The judgments seem to be made on a pretty phoney criteria anyway. I don't believe that anybody is a "Joe Prick" because he refuses to roll in the mud for me. On the contrary, I rather admire him for his gumption if he stands up to me. Besides, what gives me the right to pass judgement on another human being who doesn't happen to go along with my dictates on his behavior. Even if it doesn't hurt you to swallow your pride for a week that doesn't mean that you would do it when it serves no useful purpose.

The most widespread attitude seems to be that hazing is a tradition and we should just accept it. "We all had to go through it and now it's our turn to have fun." This seems that people would rather accept things the way they are instead of looking for some kind of justification of their existence. If this were everybody's attitude we would still be living in caves.

I do not want to abolish Frosh Week. I believe in the goals expressed by those who organized it. If our goal is to help frosh to get acquainted and involved in university life then let's suit our means to that end. Let's keep the dances, the hayrides and car rallies. They're a blast. Let's keep the C.N.I.B. drive and the C.F. shoeshine. They serve a good cause and get students working together. But let's get rid of monkey-suits, dead-horses, forced slavery, and Kangaroo Court. They serve only the alienate, divide and personally degrade those whom we should welcome on an equal basis. Let's substitute something constructive.

I would like to see students introduced to some of the basic social and political issues that concern them as university students. Guest speakers, seminars and head sessions could be run in conjunction with our present activities. These educational functions could be concerned with such topics as the evils of our educational system, the problems of drug-abuse on college campuses, student activism, and a number of other issues that could lead students to start thinking about their surroundings and questioning the structures that control their lives.

That is my alternative and I believe in it. Kangaroo Court was the epitome of everything that is wrong with our programme of frosh orientation. That was the structure which sought to punish those who hold beliefs similar to mine. That is the reason for our demonstration last Friday night. The violence that occurred was not our doing but we did, refuse to be intimidated by it. We were not there as a bunch of drunks out to raise hell. We were there to protest an institution which we believe is wrong; and if that institution is not abolished then we will be there again next year.

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WHERE IT'S AT

In ensuing issues of LAMBDA, one will find a list of social events for the following week-- with your help that is. I am asking that anyone who has the info of any special events taking place on campus please notify Barb Marwood at 673-2632 or leave a message in the LAMBDA office. Come on kids, let's find out "Where It's At".

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

This is to commend you for bringing out the fact that the Canadian Armed Forces were allowed on campus to recruit students for their Reserve Officer Training Plan in the last edition of Lambda. In the caption under the photograph of the officer and the student you mentioned that students in the States were getting their heads bashed in whilst in the process of demonstrating to keep the military off their campuses. That is an understatement. Not only are they getting their heads bashed in, but they are also getting arrested, deported, and God knows, drafted, in their attempts to fight the military industrial complex of which the military on their campus was a representative too close for comfort.

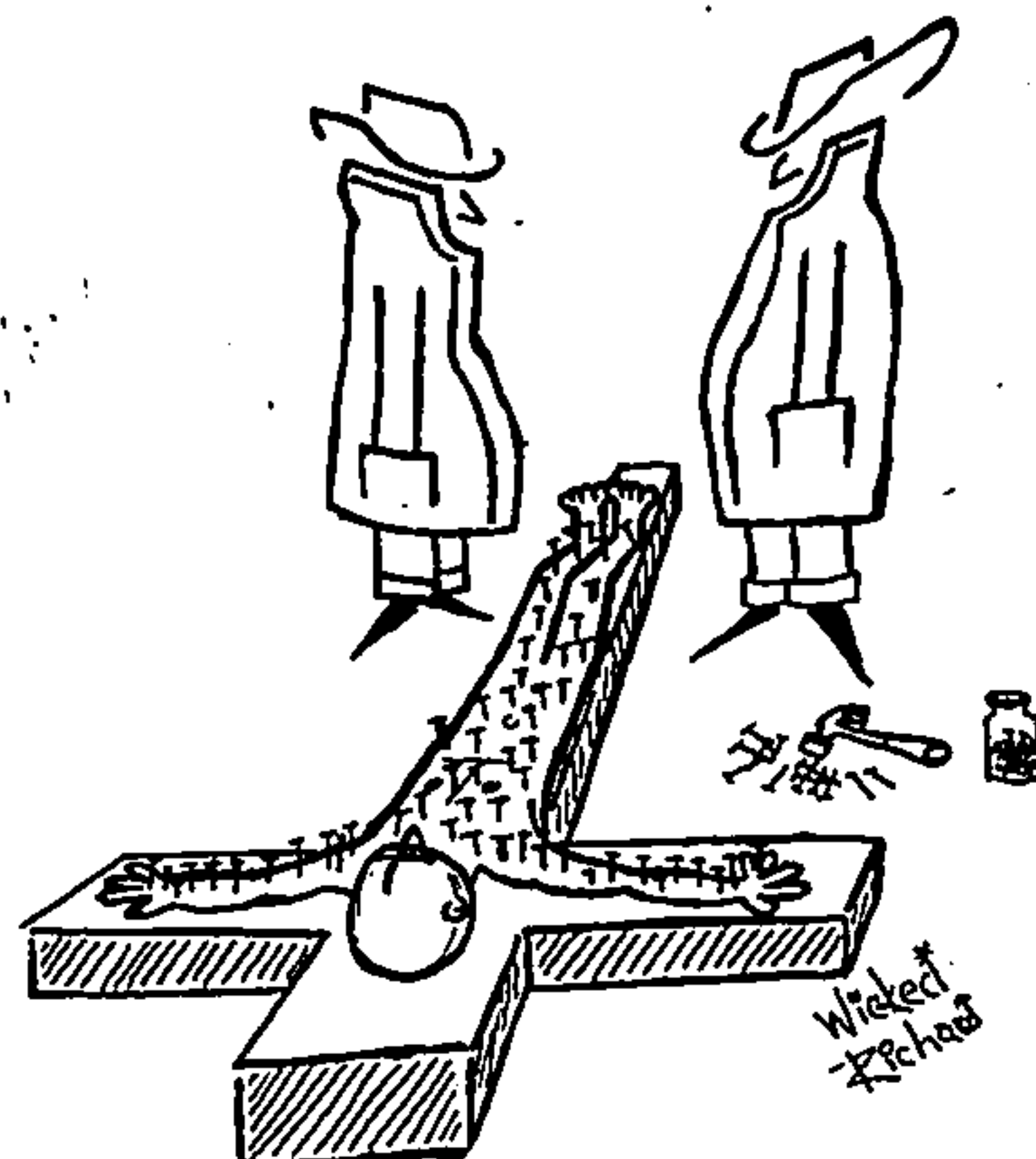
It seems amazing to me that Laurentian students showed absolutely no adverse reaction at all to the fact that the Armed Forces just sort of walked in, sat down, and started recruiting. I'm not sure what the reaction was to the photograph and caption but I doubt there was any at all.

I could scream 'Apathy' and start a whole new excuse-for-lack-of-consciousness thing all over again this year, but to what avail? Students will merely accept it again and go on blindly drinking beer and going to classes, completely unaware of what is going on all around them in their University. Again, your job of at least making students aware of the implications of having the military on campus was well done; the rest is up to the students.

Stirling Faux

As a Frosh, I would like to answer last week's editorial by saying 'I think Frosh Week is great.' If anybody is to be put down it is the Frosh who didn't participate (and missed out in a lot of fun), for they are the students who will likely not participate in student affairs for the rest of the year. Frosh Week gave the Frosh a certain sense of unity and togetherness, which made it much easier for them to get together and get to know each other. Also, it certainly helped to build a feeling of school spirit. As for humiliation: what is wrong with humility? Though it really wasn't humiliating- it was fun. Everybody likes to act foolish sometimes, and Frosh Week makes it socially acceptable. I would like to say that there are some Seniors the Frosh would like to tar and feather, but the majority were out to help the Frosh have a good time and of course to enjoy themselves too. I would like to thank the Frosh Committees and the Frosh leaders for the planning and running of the various events. Frosh week was a fun week and a week to meet new friends, both Frosh and Seniors. It hasn't made me any less critical of the system or it has helped me to meet others who want to change it. I would like to say this to my fellow Frosh: 'It has brought us together.'

Richard W. Woodley.



"WE AREN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES THIS TIME."

BITCH

Gary Kingerski

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS

LAMBDA is introducing here, an action column which will hopefully respond effectively to any grievances submitted by students. For those of you who find it an impossible task to write a formal letter to the Editor (due to lack of wit or literary style), this is the column for you. All "BITCHES" will be answered and names will be withheld upon your request. (Although all articles must be signed). The future of this column will depend directly upon you, the student, as it exists solely for the purpose of giving the student a chance to voice his opinion about anything or anyone. So let's hear your comments or grievances.

Submit all articles to -- BITCH LAMBDA OFFICE L-222

lambda

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"Forsyth"



Social Activities Chairman Bob Booth cracks ceremonial champagne celebrating the financial success of Turtles Concert: This may be the first time in quite a while that "big-name" entertainment has been presented without a substantial loss being absorbed by the S.G.A.

MORE by, as the last one unfortunately, PINKIE despite all efforts Wicked Richard

"Oh, Pinkie, Pinkie, Pinkie, Pinkie.... What am I going to do with you?" Pinkie was leaning back on his chair, feet on the desk, radio on, low, vaguely listening to a vague drift of meandering music and meaningless advertisements, and muttering out loud to himself. He had posed a real issue. What should he do with himself?

It had been a real issue ever since grade ten when he first considered dropping out of school, not seriously mind you, and remained a lingering ghost of a changing personality, a skeleton in a long-ago closet. Only, now the difference, was that it wasn't simply an idle daydream, an escape, a fantasy to relieve pressure on the trip to Never-neverland. Now the question was, seemingly for the first time, brought abruptly before him. Now he had to make those decisions he'd idly dreamed of making years ago. Funny. Now that they had to be made, they didn't seem so appealing as when they were part of a maturity that eluded him. No longer a little boy, nose pressed up against the corner candy store window was he. Now he could have all the candy he wanted, and he was faced with the possibility of rotting his teeth. Before he could afford the luxury of toying with the whole question with the same unburied, removed thoroughness an ancient philosopher may have considered the stars. But now, the gods will bless their little souls, the stars had become a speeding, raging meteor, about to crash into his world, and the detached and philosophic tone was no longer possible. Crisis was at hand. This was a gut issue. Blood and guts. Reality was a rude rooster.

Some of the music on his cheap radio reminded him of an ancient euphoria: The euphoria, the simplicity of life and its challenges, when decisions were mostly made for him, goals set in the mysterious heavens before and beyond him. It had been a comfortable world, a world in which it had been possible to answer questions simply, cynically, and with the insane put-ons, poses, adopted personalities, and circus of friendships that weren't really friendships at all. And of course, there were the people he'd just plain used. It had been all possible, like hate and romantic, scarlet love had, because the world, the goals, the standards

had been set, fixed, planned, and mapped out for him for years and years and years. Now, none of these things were so constant, and you couldn't afford the luxuries of abuse of friends, hate, affection of love, and stark cynicism, because now all of these things mattered. They had an effect. They could change things. And ruin them. Pinkie felt vaguely the same way as if he had just fallen out of his cradle.

"Christ!" as he flung his pencil across the room. The feeling, both of urgency and helplessness welled up in him. And you might ask what he was thinking. You might even suggest a few possibilities, like: "What have I been doing with my life up 'til now?" or, "Why didn't I plan for these decisions before?" or, how's this for a gaser, "Why didn't I develop more maturity before this?" Well, that's all crap. Drowning men think of what to do next, so they can get out of the water, not dying. All the wide world is filled with drowning men, people struggling to find in life of which they have been starved. They don't contemplate the fact that they are drowning. Maybe it's a good thing that they often refuse to even be aware of the fact. Today is, as they say, the first day of the rest of your life. It's urgent: get what you're looking for. Now. And so life is, everywhere, filled with heroism as drowning men struggle forward, courageously. It takes courage not to look back, too much at least, and contemplate what you've missed, or how foolish it's all been. It's much easier identifying yourself with what you used to be, what you used to want, used to need, used to struggle for. This is so because it takes courage to decide what comes next, to set new goals, find new criteria, new challenges. This all takes soul-searching, and that's rough, especially if, as in Pinkie's case, it had always been done for him previously. It takes courage to make decisions like what to do for the rest of your life based on the type of person you've become instead of the kind of person you always used to be. And like fools, we all are courageous in our own ways.

So. All Pinkie had to do was be courageous. And find a whole new set of criteria to live by. Simple. You bet. Only one question: where

do you find the criteria? Do you drag them out of some deep, dark hole in your Id? Or does the good fairy issue them upon written application? Pinkie guessed that it must be a little of both. And he couldn't help but to feel that simply discovering that this was the issue that had been keeping him off balance was a large step toward finding them. At any rate it was one in the morning, and going out into the street to look for the answers might not be the most productive endeavor at the moment. He reached all the way over to snap off the radio, and the small light that kept everything in the room barely visible, and humbled in the dark for the pencil-turned-missile. Good night, Pinkie. Sweet dreams, Pinkie.

FREEFILMFEST

The geology department is sponsoring a weekly film show. Subjects include the Canadian North, Canadian artist, cartoons by McLaren as well as geologically oriented topics. TIME: WEDNESDAYS 12:30 to 1:30 PLACE: AMPHITHEATRE (ROOM C-114, ARTS BLDG.)

Next showing: Sept. 24
Subjects: Australian Barrier Reef
The Unending Search
Blinkety-Blank

Turtles Review

BY ROY MacGREGOR

THE TURTLES' TALE

Arrived partly pissed midway through the Riot and followed a flashlight to what then seemed like the worst seat in the Hockey Bowl but soon found it the best. Once there, I couldn't see, breathe, hear, or care.

Christ. The philosophy behind a local group warm up the customers is that by the time O Great Band comes on, home-town embarrassment leaves the audience humbled and sensitive of the honour inherent in being nearer their idols. The results were mutant.

The Riot, despite their obvious lack of balance, outshone the Musical Gods. Seldom have I seen a drummer so comfortable within his boudries, and Paquette's voice is near exceptional. Balance will come but they must learn more: i.e. David Clayton-Thomas of the Sheas-Brainwashed-Boom era is better left dead, and the Mandala had nil but Oliver, the Human Phallic Symbol who later ejaculated himself into oblivion. Stick with the Cream, 3 Dog Night, and good luck.

You left and we waited in uncomfortable seats, alone with our popcorn. It was to be a nostalgic journey with the Turtles back to the Golden Days of music, but they had obviously lost their directions. I remember you Master

Turtles----

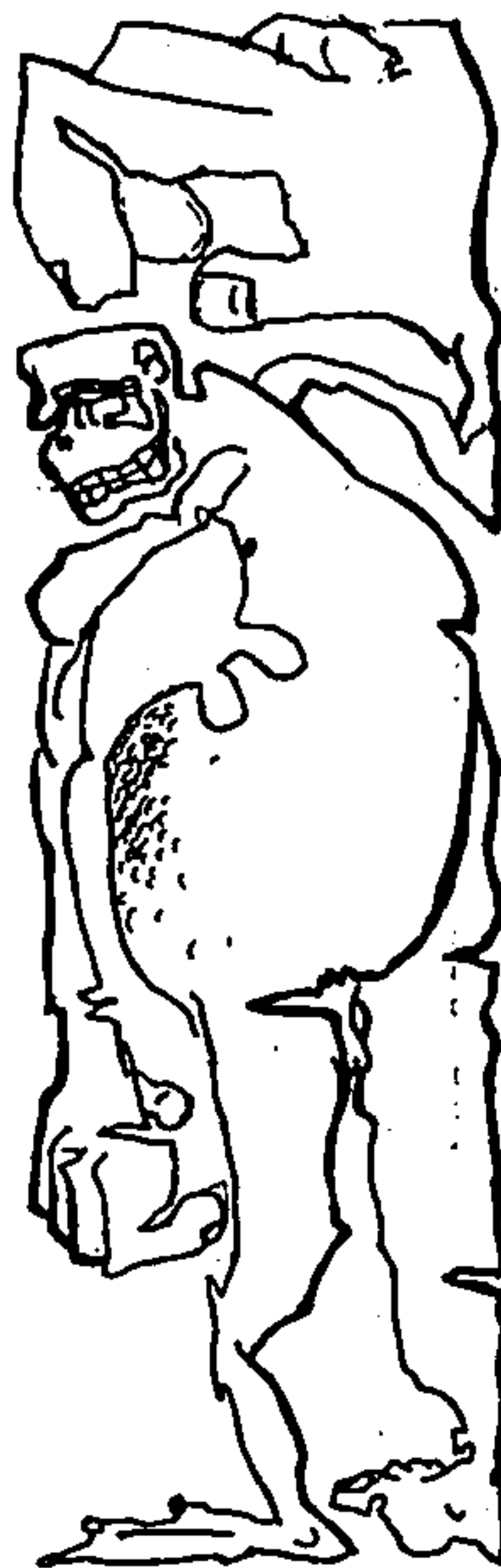
-----I remember '64 & '65 when Dylan made or broke gods. Early Hippiedom and the Byrds confused people with a delicious new sound. The lyrics were both straight and hidden up sleeves, but it sold and you got your chance the next April. 'It Ain't Me Babe' was the only honest number of the night. We knew then it really was you. But why turn Frankenstein?

--- remember how The Byrds and Mr. Zimmerman left you alone in your musical Limbo without a compass. You sat till you saw the obscenely collegiate Association ride to the top of OLYMPUS on ballads. You usurped their patent and started again to the top but, like Sisyphus, you were doomed to fail. Was last night the bottom or top of your hill?

Your lead singer, his foot pumping piston-like, drove the drummer's solid beat into our ears and at times your music touched delicately into our bowels. But where was Kineticism? The music died as it was conceived and you left us without memories. Go back to your old ways and we'll come too. Stay as you are and you will be staring into the distance to see where we went.

I went home, drank to forget you, and passed out smiling. Do I upset you?

river by steve alexander
self-surrender
to the tranquil
drowned immersion
of the eternal river flow.
uncertainties recede,
recede
from light shifting colour
variations of sun-
the calm, joyous fall
through the conscious mind
of self/river.
meditate deep within
the compass of
fluent experience,
holding the life-elusive
reality, sensation of
infinite lost
in greater.
warm, moving womb of universe,
so hard to regain
in a sorrowful world.



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